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REPLACEMENT SCRIPT

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 7C

EPISODE 14 (7C-Ep6): 'The Trial Of A Time Lord'

by

Pip & Jane Baker

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"DOCTOR WHO" EPISODE 14 (7C-Ep6) 'The Trial Of A Time Lord'

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
MELANIE  
THE VALEYARD  
THE INQUISITOR  
THE KEEPER  
MR. POPPLEWICK  
THE MASTER  
SABALOM GLITZ

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Trial Room/Corridor  
Master's Tardis Console Room

\* \* \* \* \*

O.B.:

Mud Flats  
Potbank Yard  
Clerk's Offices

\* \* \* \* \*



60'00"

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 7C

EPISODE 14 (7C-Ep6): 'The Trial Of A Time Lord'

by

Pip & Jane Baker

SUPOSE CAM

Opening  
Titles:

REPRISE FROM EPISODE 13

O.B.1:

EXT. MUD FLATS. DAY.

(SLITHERING IN  
THE SOFT SANDS  
OF THE DUNES,  
GLITZ FLOUNDERS  
TO WHERE THE  
DOCTOR IS FIGHTING  
A LOSING BATTLE)

GLITZ: Hang on! Don't give in!  
(cont...)



- 14/2 -

(GLITZ GRABS  
THE DOCTOR'S  
FEET, YANKS  
THEN TOPPLES  
BACKWARDS.

RECOVERING, HE  
BECOMES AWARE  
THAT HE IS HOLDING  
THE DOCTOR'S  
SPATS.

HIS GAZE TRANSFERS  
TO THE MUD,  
THERE IS NO SIGN  
OF THE DOCTOR,  
JUST A FEW  
BURPING AIR  
BUBBLES RUPTURING  
THE SURFACE)

GLITZ: (cont) What a way to go ...

(HE EYES THE  
SPATS)

All in all, he wasn't a bad old  
codger. Honest, of course. But apart  
from that ...

(HE BRUSHES A  
SPECK FROM  
THE SPATS)

Still, nobody's perfect.

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE SEPULCHRAL)

And that's the clue. Nobody is.  
Not even the Valeyard.



- 14/3 -

(GLITZ SLUMPS  
TO HIS KNEES,  
HANDS TOGETHER  
IN SUPPLICATION,  
REALISES THE  
SPATS ARE  
CLASPED BETWEEN  
HIS TREMBLING  
PALMS, THROWS  
THEM, AS IF THEY  
WERE CONTAMINATED  
INTO THE MUD.

A SINGLE,  
GULPING BUBBLE  
CONSUMES THEM)

GLITZ: O Great Cosmic Protector  
of grafters and dissemblers, save  
me. A voice from the grave!

THE DOCTOR: No, merely a grave  
voice.

(NEARBY, THE  
DOCTOR APPEARS  
TO BE RISING  
FROM THE GROUND,  
BUT IN FACT IS  
CLIMBING  
UP THE FAR SIDE  
OF A DUNE)

Bad joke. But everything here is a  
bad joke.

(GLITZ, ALMOST  
MESMERISED BY  
THE APPARENT  
APPARITION,  
STARES AT THE  
DOCTOR'S CLEAN  
FACE AND CLOTHING)



- 14/4 -

GLITZ: No mud ... yet I saw.

(HE PEERS DOWN  
TO WHERE THE  
MUD WAS, DRY  
SAND)

And your ankle armour.

(HIS EYES TRAVEL  
FROM HEAD TO  
TOE, TAKING  
IN THE SPATS  
ON THE DOCTOR'S  
ANKLES)

I don't get it.

THE DOCTOR: Oh do concentrate,  
Glitz. How often must I tell you  
we're not dealing with reality!

VALEYARD: Why waste your breath  
on that simple-minded oaf.

(VALEYARD HAS  
APPEARED ON THEIR  
RIGHT, BUT AT  
SOME DISTANCE AWAY)

You cannot speak as though reality.

(BY THE TIME  
THE DOCTOR AND  
GLITZ HAVE  
LOCATED HIM, HE  
HAS DISAPPEARED  
AND REAPPEARED  
TO THEIR LEFT,  
BUT CLOSER)

Is a one dimensional concept.  
(cont...)



(AGAIN THE  
DOCTOR AND  
GLITZ TURN.

AGAIN HE VANISHES,  
TO REAPPEAR  
IN FRONT  
OF THEM,  
CLOSER)

VALEYARD: (cont) Fortunately there is  
a reality that you and I can both  
agree on. The ultimate reality.

THE DOCTOR: Death?

VALEYARD: (QUOTING)

'The undiscover'd country, from  
whose bourn  
No traveller returns...'

(HE HAS MOVED  
AGAIN, APPEARING  
BEHIND THEM,  
CLOSER)

THE DOCTOR: Hamlet. Act Three. Scene  
One.

VALEYARD: I really must curb these  
urges. I've no wish to be contaminated  
by your whims and idiosyncracies.

THE DOCTOR: Yes ... quite. What  
I don't comprehend -



- 14/6 -

(THE DOCTOR GLANCES  
ABOUT.

VALEYARD HAS  
AGAIN VANISHED)

GLITZ: Over there, Doc. Slippery  
customer your other persona.

(VALEYARD IS TO  
THEIR LEFT)

THE DOCTOR: What I don't comprehend,  
is why you want me dead. No. No, let  
me rephrase that.

(AGAIN VALEYARD  
VANISHES.

GLITZ NUDGES THE  
DOCTOR.

HE HAS SPOTTED  
VALEYARD ON  
TOP OF A DUNE)

It would satisfy my curiosity to  
know why you should go to such  
extraordinary lengths to kill me.

VALEYARD: Come now, Doctor.  
How else can I obtain my freedom?  
Operate as a complete entity  
unfettered by your side of my  
existence? (cont...)

(ANOTHER VANISHING  
ACT AND  
REAPPEARANCE)



- 14/7 -

VALEYARD: (cont) Only by ridding myself of you and your misplaced morality your constant crusading - your ... your ...

(SEEKING THE WORD)

GLITZ: Idiotic honesty?

VALEYARD: Oaf! Microbe!

GLITZ: Pardon me for trying to help! I'm neutral in this set-up, you know.

VALEYARD: (IGNORING HIM) Only by releasing myself from the misguided maxims that you nurture, can I be free.

(HE VANISHES)

GLITZ: Sounds to me like Armageddon's beckoning you, Doc.

(VALEYARD APPEARS  
AGAIN, LONG  
DISTANCE)

VALEYARD: With you destroyed and no longer able to constrain me, and with unlimited access to the Matrix ... there will be nothing beyond my reach!



- 14/8 -

(VALEYARD VANISHES.

THE DOCTOR  
IMMEDIATELY  
STRIDES OFF  
ACROSS THE FLATS)

GLITZ: Here, where're you off to now?

THE DOCTOR: To trace the Valeyard.

GLITZ: But he was here.

THE DOCTOR: Illusion, Glitz. The  
shadow not the substance. (WALKING  
ON) Of course, if you don't wish to  
come, you can always stay and build  
sand-castles. (CALLING BACK)  
I'm sure if you think hard enough  
you can conjure up a bucket and spade!

GLITZ: (RELUCTANTLY BEGINNING TO  
FOLLOW) Tell you something, when  
you two meet face to face, five  
grotzies'll get you ten he'll  
be first past the chequered flag!

(A MIST SUDDENLY  
BEGINS ROLLING  
IN)

Hey, what's that?

(PAUSING, THE  
DOCTOR SNIFFS  
THE AIR)



- 14/9 -

THE DOCTOR: Back pedal, Glitz.

GLITZ: Not another illusion?

THE DOCTOR: Alas no.

(GATHERING MOMENTUM,  
THE CLOUD IS  
ROLLING INEXORABLY  
TOWARDS THEM)

GLITZ: Sea mist? Fog?

THE DOCTOR: Asphyxiating nerve  
gas. This is in deadly earnest.

GLITZ: If you must make jokes,  
try stealing them. Your own are  
schlock!

(THE CLOUD IS  
THREATENING TO  
ENVELOPE THEM)

THE DOCTOR: Run!

GLITZ: (FLOUNDERING IN THE SAND)  
What d'you think I'm doing? Playing  
intergalactic hopscotch!

THE DOCTOR: (ALREADY RUNNING)

~~Faster!~~

(GLITZ PANTING,  
SPLUTTERING,  
STUMBLES)



- 14/10 -

GLITZ: Can't breathe ... can't ...

(THE DOCTOR,  
TRYING TO  
SUPPORT GLITZ  
IN THE SHIFTING  
SAND, IS  
ALSO EXHIBITING  
SIGNS OF  
DISTRESS.

THE GAS SWIRLS  
IN)

END O.B.1.



- 14/11 -

1. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(THE SCENE AT  
THE DUNES IS  
ON THE SCREEN.

THE INQUISITOR  
AND THE TIME  
LORDS WATCH  
IMPASSIVELY.  
NOT MEL)

MELANIE: We can't just sit here and  
do nothing! We've got to help him!

(THE HEADS TURN  
IN UNISON)

INQUISITOR: The Doctor chose to  
enter the Matrix. We are not empowered  
to interfere.

MELANIE: You parade of stuffed  
dummies! He's one of you!

(THE BLAND FACES  
UNDERGO NO  
CHANGE OF EXPRESSION)

Call yourselves a superior species!  
No human being would see another  
in such terrible danger and do  
nothing!

(KEEPER DEFERRING  
TO THE INQUISITOR)



- 14/12 -

KEEPER: If I may, my lady?

(SHE SIGNIFIES  
ASSENT)

(TO MELANIE) You are applying  
logical thought to a situation  
that recognises no logic.

MELANIE: Give me the key to the Matrix.  
I'm going in there.

INQUISITOR: Return to your seat,  
young woman. In my Court, you  
follow orders.

MELANIE: Not a chance!

(SHE DASHES TOWARDS  
THE EXIT.

THE KEEPER STICKS  
OUT HIS  
FOOT, TRIPPING  
HER)

- 12 -



- 14/13 -

O.B.2:

EXT. MUD FLATS. DAY.

(RETCHING, CRAWLING,  
DRAGGING GLITZ,  
THE DOCTOR SLIDES  
DOWN A SHINGLE  
SLOPE, AND IS  
CONFRONTED BY A  
MINIATURE VICTORIAN  
CHALET)

THE MASTER: (VOICE) Come in, Doctor ...

(HAULING THE ALMOST  
EXPIRED GLITZ,  
THE DOCTOR STUMBLES  
INTO THE CHALET)

END O.B.2.



2. INT. CONTROL ROOM. MASTER'S TARDIS.

(BLUNDERING IN,  
COUGHING AND  
CHOKING, GLITZ  
AND THE DOCTOR  
REST THEIR ARMS  
ON THE CENTRAL  
CONSOLE AND SUCK  
UNCONTAMINATED AIR  
INTO THEIR LUNGS.

DISPASSIONATELY,  
THE MASTER OPERATES  
THE DOOR CLOSING  
MECHANISM)

THE DOCTOR: I never - thought -  
I'd welcome the sight of you!

MASTER: It will not happen again.

THE DOCTOR: What puzzles me is  
why it's happening now.

MASTER: The explanation is quite  
simple. I want the Valeyard eliminated.  
You are the most likely candidate  
to achieve that.

GLITZ: Hang on! I don't - get  
that. You told me this flashy,  
fair-haired geezer was the one you  
wanted to croak.

MASTER: Silence, worm!

GLITZ: Hey, show respect there!  
Nobody talks to Sabalom Glitz like  
that and gets away with it!



- 14/15 -

THE DOCTOR: Especially not a business partner. What was it? A fifty-fifty arrangement? Or were you the forty-nine percent?

GLITZ: (TO MASTER) Yea. He's got a point. Who voted you Chairman of the Board?

(THE MASTER TREATS  
GLITZ TO A  
BEATIFIC SMILE)

MASTER: Sabalom. Sabalom. Remember our many fruitful collaborations. I beg you, friend, don't listen to him. Can you not perceive his motive?

GLITZ: The profit motive's all I'm interested in.

MASTER: Naturally. And profit you shall have ... after the Valeyard has been disposed of.

(HAVING RECOVERED  
HIS BREATH,  
THE DOCTOR IS  
EXAMINING THE  
MASTER'S TARDIS)

THE DOCTOR: Which completes the circumnavigational dissertation. Bringing us round to my question. Why?

MASTER: (ENJOYING THIS) Am I aiding you?

GLITZ: Yea. Why's the leopard changing his spots?

MASTER: With The Doctor as my enemy, I always had the advantage.

THE DOCTOR: Huh!

- 15 -



- 14/16 -

MASTER: Oh yes. You are constrained by conscience. There are limits beyond which you will not trespass.

THE DOCTOR: Constraints from which you've never suffered.

MASTER: Thank you. I appreciate your magnanimity in conceding that.

GLITZ: You'll be kissing and making up at this rate!

THE DOCTOR: Perish the thought!

MASTER: But the Valeyard, the distillation of all that is evil in you, untainted by virtue, a composite of your every dark thought, is a different proposition.

(HE IS MAKING HIS  
WAY TO THE CORRIDOR)

Additionally, he has infuriated me by threatening to deny me the pleasure of personally bringing about your destruction. And so ...

(GRABBING GLITZ BY  
THE SCRUFF OF  
THE NECK)

... he must pay the price.

(YANKING GLITZ INTO  
THE CORRIDOR)

And you shall help me to collect!

(HE SLAMS THE DOOR  
SHUT, SEALING OFF  
THE CONTROL ROOM.)

- 16 -



- 14/17 -

THE DOCTOR CROSSING  
TO THE DOOR)

THE DOCTOR: Curtain speech? Or  
prologue to the next act? With  
the Master, one can never be certain -

(HE TRIES THE  
DOOR. LOCKED.

COMMENCING SLOWLY,  
VIBRANT, PULSATING,  
VARIEGATED LIGHTS  
CREATE A DISORIENTATING  
MAELSTROM.

THEY DIP AND SWIRL,  
FASTER AND FASTER,  
TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT  
OF A STACCATO  
SUPERSONIC SCREECH.

KNUCKLES PRESSED TO  
HIS EARS, TWISTING  
IN THE ACCELERATING  
STROBOSCOPIC LIGHTS,  
THE DOCTOR TRIES  
TO BLOCK OUT THE  
BRAIN-NUMBING ASSAULT)



3. INT. CORRIDOR. MASTER'S TARDIS.

(TIGHT ON THE MASTER  
AND GLITZ.

A GLINT OF ARROGANT  
SATISFACTION EMBELLISHES  
THE MASTER'S FEATURES)

MASTER: No questions, Sabalom Glitz?

GLITZ: Plenty. It's the answers  
I can't unravel. Would I be wrong  
in thinking The Doctor'll soon be  
needing a wooden overcoat?

MASTER: Nothing so crude. He's  
merely being reduced to a catatonic  
state.

GLITZ: Cata - what?

MASTER: The violent assault on his  
senses will trip a defensive mechanism.  
His brain will switch off.

GLITZ: He'll become a zombie, you  
mean?

MASTER: Temporarily. Long enough for  
my purposes.



4. INT. CONTROL ROOM. MASTER'S TARDIS.

(DRENCHED BY THE  
WHIRLIGIG OF  
CHAOTIC LIGHT,  
THE BELEAGURED  
DOCTOR'S ATTEMPTS  
TO WARD OFF THE  
BOMBARDMENT OF  
HIS SENSES ARE  
PROVING FUTILE.

HIS RESISTANCE  
BECOMES FEEBLE,  
GRADUALLY HE  
SUCCUMBS.

HIS STANCE IS  
RIGID, HIS GAZE  
FIXED)



O.B.3A:

POTBANK YARD. DAY.

(THE FINAL STAGES  
OF THE MASTER'S  
TARDIS MATERIALISING  
(AN ARTEFACT  
COMPATIBLE WITH  
POTBANK YARD) IS  
TAKING PLACE.

THE MASTER AND  
GLITZ EXIT SUPPORTING  
THE CATATONIC  
DOCTOR.

THEY SET HIM UP  
IN MID COURTYARD)

MASTER: This should prove an  
irresistible bait for Valeyard!

GLITZ: You Time lords take the  
cake! Talk about devious. I'm  
transparent as crystal compared with  
you lot!

(STRAIGHTENING  
THE DOCTOR'S  
RUMPLED LAPELS)

Poor old Doc ...

MASTER: Stop slobbering! Get over  
here!



- 14/21 -

O.B.3B:

INT. FIRST CLERK'S OFFICE.

(LODGING HIS QUILL  
PEN BEHIND HIS  
EAR, POPPLEWICK  
PEEKS THROUGH  
THE DOOR)

O.B.3C:

EXT. POTBANK YARD. DAY.

(RIGID AS A  
MADAM TUSSAUD'S  
EFFIGY, THE DOCTOR  
STANDS IN MID  
COURTYARD. UNMOVING.  
EXPRESSION FIXED.

POPPLEWICK SHUFFLES  
ONTO THE BALCONY  
OF THE FANTASY  
FACTORY. LOOKS AT  
THE DOCTOR, THEN  
RETURNS INSIDE.

CAMERA PANS TO A  
STAIRCASE OPPOSITE  
THE BALCONY, LURKING  
BENEATH THE TREADS  
IS THE MASTER.  
BEHIND HIM COWERS  
GLITZ.

ANOTHER ANGLE:

THE BALCONY.

THE SECOND POPPLEWICK  
COMES OUT. HE, TOO,  
HAS A QUILL PEN BEHIND  
HIS EAR - ONLY OF A  
DIFFERENT COLOUR.



- 14/22 -

THE SECOND POPPLEWICK  
LOOKS DOWN AT  
THE DOCTOR. TUTS -  
THEN RETURNS INSIDE.

CAMERA PANS TO  
THE MASTER. HE  
TAKES OUT HIS TCE.

FULL SCENE.

THE DOCTOR HAS NOT  
BLINKED AN EYELID.

THE FACTORY DOOR  
OPENS, AND VALEYARD  
COMES ONTO THE  
BALCONY - HE, TOO,  
HAS A QUILL PEN  
BEHIND HIS EAR.

AS HE LOOKS DOWN  
AT THE DOCTOR -  
THE MASTER QUITTS  
COVER AND FIRES!

THE LETHAL RAY  
HITS VALEYARD DEAD  
CENTRE, AND IS  
DEFLECTED.

HE FIRES AGAIN.  
SAME RESULT)

VALEYARD: You really are a second  
rate adversary. Did you imagine  
I'd be lured by such a transparent  
ploy?

(VALEYARD PLUCKS THE  
QUILL PEN FROM  
HIS SKULL CAP AND  
LOBS IT TOWARDS  
THE STAIRS.

STARTLED, THE  
MASTER RECOILS  
INTO GLITZ AS THE  
QUILL ROLLS AT HIS  
FEET - IT EXPLODES.



- 14/23 -

IN DISARRAY, THE  
MASTER AND GLITZ,  
THE HAPLESS PAIR,  
RETREAT.

VALEYARD IS NO  
LONGER ON THE  
BALCONY. INSTEAD,  
HIS LAUGHTER  
REVERBERATES ABOUT  
THE COURTYARD.

THROUGHOUT,  
THE DOCTOR HAS  
REMAINED AN  
IMPASSIVE LAY  
FIGURE)

O.B.3D:

EXT. ALLEY. DAY.

(DIGNITY THROWN  
TO THE WINDS,  
GLITZ AND THE  
MASTER SCARPER  
FOR DEAR LIFE.

EXPLODING QUILLS  
FORCE THEM INTO A  
ZIGZAG COURSE;  
ECHOING, ALMOST  
MANIC LAUGHTER  
COMPLETES THEIR  
NIGHTMARE.

CLOSER INTERSECTION.

DIVERTING INTO A  
NARROW PASSAGEWAY,  
GLITZ HALTS.

GRIMACING, SUCKING  
AIR INTO HIS  
LUNGS, HE GRABS  
THE MASTER)

GLITZ: It could all be an illusion.



08'45"

- 14/24 -

MASTER: Then stay and find out!

(HE SHOVES GLITZ,  
WHO STUMBLES TO  
HIS KNEES.

A QUILL LANDS IN  
FRONT OF HIM.

PARALYSED WITH  
FEAR, GLITZ STARES  
AT IT - THE  
EXPLOSION KNOCKS  
HIM AGAINST THE  
WALL WHERE HE  
SLUMPS, UNMOVING.

SELF-PRESERVATION,  
THE MASTER'S  
DOMINANT INSTINCT,  
SURFACES. HE FLEES,  
DESERTING HIS  
INERT BUSINESS  
PARTNER.

TRIUMPHANT NOW,  
THE MOCKING LAUGHTER  
RINGS OUT)

O.B.3E:

16. EXT. POTBANK YARD. DAY.

(CLOSE ON THE  
DOCTOR.

SILENCE. NO  
EXPLOSIONS. NO  
LAUGHTER.

MELANIE, VOICE,  
WHISPERING, REMOTE)

MELANIE: Doctor ...? (cont...)

(THE EYELIDS  
BLINK.

- 24 -



- 14/25 -

THE DOCTOR'S HEAD  
TURNS SLOWLY  
TOWARDS THE  
TENEBROUS ARCHWAY  
FROM WHICH  
MELANIE'S VOICE  
IS FILTERING.

A VAGUE, INDISTINCT  
FIGURE CAN BE  
DISCERNED THROUGH  
THE GLOOM)

MELANIE: (cont) (VOICE AS BEFORE) Where  
are you, Doctor ...?

(STILL CONCENTRATING  
ON THE ARCHWAY,  
HE FLEXES HIS  
FINGERS, THE RIGIDITY  
IS ABATING)

THE DOCTOR: Mel?

(THE ETHEREAL  
FIGURE TAKES ON  
MORE DEFINITION  
AND COULD POSSIBLY  
BE MELANIE)

MELANIE: (VOICE) Doctor, is that you?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Yes. Of course  
it's me. Where are you?

(AN ARM PROTRUDES  
FROM THE SHADOWS,  
FINGER BECKONING)

MELANIE: (VOICE) This way! Quickly!

THE DOCTOR: How did you get into  
the Matrix?



- 14/26 -

MELANIE: (VOICE) Forget the questions!  
You're alive, that's all that matters.  
Now, please, follow me before it's  
too late!

(SPURRED BY THE  
URGENCY IN HER  
TONE, THE DOCTOR  
VENTURES INTO  
THE ARCHWAY.

THE FIGURE FLITS  
AHEAD OF HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Where are we going?

MELANIE: To get you out of this  
unholy mess!

(SHE PRESSES AGAINST  
THE WALL, AND ENTERS  
A WIDENING APERTURE.

SPECULATIVELY, HE  
FOLLOWS)

END O.B.3.



09'37"  
48

- 14/27 -

5. INT. TRIAL ROOM. CORRIDOR.

(MELANIE PRECEEDS  
THE DOCTOR INTO  
THE CORRIDOR.

THE DOCTOR'S  
TARDIS IS STILL  
THERE)

THE DOCTOR: Why have we come here?

MELANIE: Trust me. I know what  
I'm doing.

THE DOCTOR: But that's -

(HE TURNS TO  
LOOK AT WHERE  
THEY ENTERED)

- the Seventh Door. You're leading  
me to the Trial Room.

MELANIE: The Time Lords let me  
into the Matrix to find you. They  
hazarded a guess that I could  
persuade you to return.

THE DOCTOR: Persuade me! Trick  
me into abandoning my pursuit  
of the Valeyard, you mean.

- 27 -



- 14/28 -

MELANIE: You're not thinking clearly. You're too emotionally involved.

THE DOCTOR: Who wouldn't be when confronted with the dark side of their psyche?

MELANIE: Doctor, don't you see that until you've cleared your name you're no better than he is? A renegade on the run. An outcast.

THE DOCTOR: Always the pragmatist, aren't you, Mel. But you're right, of course. Let's get on with it.

(HE ENTERS THE  
TRIAL ROOM)



- 14/29 -

6. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

INQUISITOR: Doctor, you owe the Court an apology.

THE DOCTOR: If I do, then it is unreservedly offered, my Lady. Although I still contend the prosecutor misled the Court.

INQUISITOR: We accept your allegation, also without reservation. Are you willing to take the stand again?

THE DOCTOR: There will be no end to this affair otherwise.

(HE MOVES TO THE  
PODIUM)

INQUISITOR: The charge of genocide was based on your own evidence.

MELANIE: And refuted by The Doctor!

INQUISITOR: It seems you have a champion in this young woman.

MELANIE: I was there remember!

(THIS RESPONSE  
CONCENTRATES THE  
DOCTOR'S QUIZZICAL  
GAZE ON MELANIE)



- 14/30 -

INQUISITOR: Would you accept her  
as an impartial witness? Or, at  
best, as not being your enemy?

THE DOCTOR: I would trust Mel with  
my life ...

INQUISITOR: Good. Keeper!

(THE KEEPER SWITCHES  
ON THE MATRIX.

WE SEE AGAIN THE  
SEQUENCE FROM  
EPISODE TWELVE  
SHOWING THE  
DEATH OF THE  
VERVOIDS.

THE INQUISITOR  
TURNS TO MELANIE)

Is this a true record of what occurred?

MELANIE: (APPEALING TO THE DOCTOR)  
What do I say, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Tell the truth.

((Note: It is  
important that  
The Doctor does  
not refer to  
Melanie by name  
from this point  
on in the scene))

MELANIE: Yes, but I don't want her  
to twist it like The Valeyard did.

THE DOCTOR: The truth can't harm me.



- 14/31 -

MELANIE: (WARILY TO INQUISITOR)  
That's what happened.

INQUISITOR: (INDICATING SCREEN)  
The rare metal used to defeat the  
Vervoids was Vionesium?

MELANIE: Yes. Without it we'd all  
have finished up on the Vervoids'  
grotesque compost heap!

INQUISITOR: Is it your contention  
that The Doctor was solely responsible  
for devising the scheme we are  
presently reviewing on the Matrix?

MELANIE: Absolutely. The rest of  
us were stymied.

INQUISITOR: A unique solution.

MELANIE: Out of this world!

INQUISITOR: An appropriate expression,  
wouldn't you say, my Lords?

(SHE IS ADDRESSING  
THE ASSEMBLY)

MELANIE: Appropriate? Will someone  
please explain?

INQUISITOR: Young woman, Gallifreyans  
are uniquely gifted. There is no  
magic. A Time Lord's perceptions  
are of the highest order in the  
Universe.

MELANIE: (LOOKING AT THE DOCTOR)  
All the more reason to admire them.



- 14/32 -

INQUISITOR: It is also the reason they are subjected to special constraints. These talents should not be fecklessly exploited.

MELANIE: Feckless! If The Doctor hadn't used his precious talents to wipe out the Vervoids, I wouldn't be standing on this spot now!

(SILENCE.

WHICH PUZZLES  
MELANIE)

INQUISITOR: Do you wish to question the witness, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: No.

INQUISITOR: You have no evidence to offer in rebuttal?

(THE DOCTOR SHAKES  
HIS HEAD.

HIS MELANCHOLY  
RESIGNATION  
CONFUSES MELANIE)

MELANIE: Something's going wrong here. I can sense it. (TO THE DOCTOR) You said the truth couldn't harm you yet I've a feeling I'm attending a lynching party.

(ON THE SCREEN  
THE DOCTOR IS  
CRUMBLING THE  
VERVOID REMAINS  
TO DUST)

Tell them you had no choice, Doctor!



- 14/33 -

THE DOCTOR: There's always a choice ...

INQUISITOR: You are prepared to accept this young woman's evidence as a faithful representation of the facts?

(HE NODS.)

THE INQUISITOR  
RISES AND FACES  
THE TIME LORDS)

In all my professional career, I doubt if I have ever been confronted with a decision more painful than the one I have now to make. (TO THE DOCTOR) You stand accused of genocide. The evidence is incontrovertible. The verdict is guilty.

MELANIE: No! No!

INQUISITOR: Your life is, therefore, forfeit. Take him from the Court.

MELANIE: Stop! I won't let you do this!

(TWO GUARDS MOVE  
FORWARD TO ARREST  
HIM)

No! Leave him alone!

(SHE PLACES HERSELF  
BETWEEN THE GUARDS  
AND THE DOCTOR.)



- 14/34 -

THE INQUISITOR  
GESTURES THE GUARDS  
TO MOVE ASIDE,  
LEAVING THE DOCTOR  
AND MELANIE IN  
COMPARATIVE ISOLATION)

THE DOCTOR: Are you advocating  
I should reject the verdict?

MELANIE: At least plead mitigating  
circumstances.

THE DOCTOR: I can't.

MELANIE: You must!

THE DOCTOR: Remember you asked me  
once why I was prepared to take  
such terrible risks?

MELANIE: (AFTER A PAUSE) Yes.

THE DOCTOR: I said unless we were  
willing to sacrifice our lives  
for the good of all, anarchy and  
evil would spread like the plague.  
The rule of law must prevail.

(HE MOVES TO  
THE GUARDS)

Madam, I accept the verdict.

SC 6A

---

(AS THE DOCTOR  
IS BEING LED  
FROM THE COURT,  
GRADUALLY, CAMERA  
EASES AWAY TO  
REVEAL THAT THE  
PRECEDING SCENE  
WAS - ON THE  
MATRIX SCREEN.



- 14/35 -

THE ILLUSION HAS  
BEEN OBSERVED  
FROM THE REAL  
TRIAL ROOM BY  
MELANIE, THE  
INQUISITOR AND  
THE REST)

MELANIE: Switch it off! Switch if  
off!

(SHE ROUNDS ON  
THE COURT)

What are you? Made of stone?  
The Doctor's been tricked into  
believing that was the real Trial  
Room. Valeyard's illusion has  
deliberately taken advantage of  
The Doctor's romantic nature.  
He's convinced he must sacrifice  
himself. And you're content to  
let him!

INQUISITOR: We cannot interfere -

MELANIE: Well I can!

(AS SHE RUSHES FOR  
THE EXIT, THE  
KEEPER AGAIN CALMLY  
STICKS OUT HIS  
LEG TO TRIP HER,  
BUT SHE IS READY  
AND STAMPS, HARD,  
ON HIS FOOT.

AS HE CLUTCHES  
IT IN PAIN, SHE  
GRABS THE KEY AND  
EXITS)



O.B. 4A:

EXT. GLADSTONE. DAY.

(WITH THE FIRST  
GUARD STEADYING  
THE SHAFTS, THE  
DOCTOR IS ESCORTED  
ABOARD THE TUMBRIL  
BY THE SECOND  
GUARD.

AFTER LATCHING  
THE REAR FLAP,  
THE SECOND GUARD  
JOINS HIS COLLEAGUE  
AND TOGETHER THEY  
HAUL THE CONDEMNED  
TIME LORD AWAY.

A MURMURING OF  
VOICES BEGINS)

O.B. 4B:

EXT. NARROW ALLEY. DAY.

(MELANIE ENTERS  
THE MATRIX AS  
THE OTHERS HAVE  
DONE BEFORE.

REGAINING HER  
BALANCE, SHE ALSO  
TRIES TO GET HER  
BEARINGS.

THE SWELLING MURMUR  
OF VOICES CAN BE HEARD  
AS SHE SCURRIES IN THE  
DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE  
SOUNDS SEEM TO BE COMING)



- 14/37 -

O.B. 4C:

EXT. GLADSTONE. DAY.

(JOLTING OVER  
COBBLESTONES,  
THE TUMBRIL THREADS  
ITS WAY THROUGH  
A CLUTTER OF  
BUILDINGS.

LEGS ASTRIDE,  
SPINE STIFF,  
THE DOCTOR IS  
UNFLINCHING AS THE  
VOICES SURGE TO A  
CLAMOUR)

O.B. 4D:

EXT. ARCHWAY. DAY.

(MELANIE DASHES  
FROM THE ARCHWAY.

THE VOICES ARE  
TAUTINGLY NEARER  
AND THERE IS A  
HINT OF DESPERATION  
AS SHE BLUNDERS  
INTO A DEAD END)

O.B. 4E:

EXT. BACK LANE. DAY.

(DESPITE THE RESIGNED  
ARROGANCE THE DOCTOR  
IS WATCHFULLY THOUGHTFUL.



THE CHANT OF  
'DEATH. DEATH',  
IS BEGINNING TO  
DOMINATE THE  
HULLABALOO)

O.B. 4F:

EXT. PASSAGEWAY. DAY.

(STIRRING, GLITZ  
RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS  
AS THE DOCTOR'S  
TUMBRIL IS HAULED  
OVER THE COBBLES  
OF THE INTERSECTION)

O.B. 4G:

EXT. BACK LANE. DAY.

(SCAMPERING INTO  
THE BACK LANE,  
MELANIE CATCHES A  
GLIMPSE OF THE  
TUMBRIL AS IT  
RUMBLES ROUND A  
CORNER)

O.B. 4H:

EXT. PASSAGEWAY. DAY.

(IN FULL FLIGHT,  
MELANIE DOES NOT  
NOTICE GLITZ AS  
SHE HARES AFTER  
HER MENTOR)



- 14/39 -

MASTER: (VOICE) Glitz. Sabalom  
Glitz. This way!

(CENTRE ON FLITZ,  
HIS BROW PUCKERED  
BY INDECISION)

O.B. 4J:

EXT. KILN. POTBANK YARD. DAY.

(THE TUMBRIL COMES  
TO A HALT IN  
FRONT OF THE  
KILN)

THE DOCTOR: (QUOTING) 'It is a  
far, far better thing that I do,  
than I have ever done, it is a far,  
far better rest that I go to than  
I have ever known!

(DURING THIS  
PERORATION,  
MELANIE HAS  
SCOOTED INTO  
POTBANK YARD)

MELANIE: Never mind the Sidney  
Carton heroics! You're not signing  
on as a martyr yet!

THE DOCTOR: (URGENTLY, QUIETLY)  
Go way, Mel! Go away!



15'45"

- 14/40 -

MELANIE: That trial was an  
illusion!

(AS SHE BROAD-  
CASTS THIS EXPOSE,  
THE GUARDS AND  
TUMBRIL DISAPPEAR,  
AND THE DOCTOR  
LANDS ON THE  
COBBLES IN A HEAP)

THE DOCTOR: You've ruined everything!

MELANIE: Ruined? I've just saved  
your neck.

THE DOCTOR: All you've done is keep  
me from a confrontation with  
Valeyard!

MELANIE: But you were on your way to -

THE DOCTOR: - a death chamber as  
the result of a bogus trial and my  
noble act of self sacrifice.

MELANIE: You knew it was an illusion.  
How come?

THE DOCTOR: Through you, Mel. (LOUDLY)  
In your evidence, you testified  
that you'd heard me deny the charge  
of genocide. (cont ...)

- 40 -



- 14/41 -

(THE DOCTOR'S VOICE  
REVERBERATES,  
ROLLING AROUND  
THE ENCLOSED COURTYARD)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) You were  
never there, Mel. You'd never been  
inside the courtroom at that time.

(HE CHANGES ANGLE  
TO ENSURE HIS  
WORDS WILL REACH  
EVERY NOOK AND  
CRANNY)

With your extraordinary ability for  
total recall, you wouldn't make  
such an elementary mistake.

MELANIE: Okay, okay, I'm not deaf!

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE STILL RAISED)  
The Valeyard overestimates his own  
cleverness. (ANOTHER DECIBEL HIGHER)  
Like all megalomaniacs, he's consumed  
with his own vanity.

(NORMAL LEVEL, TO  
MELANIE)

That should've inflamed his bloated  
ego! Come on.



- 14/42 -

MELANIE: Where?

THE DOCTOR: To find Mr. J.J. Chambers.

(HE MOUNTS THE  
STAIRS TO THE  
FANTASY FACTOR)

END O.B.4.



7. INT. MASTER'S TARDIS.

(THE MASTER IS  
WATCHING THE  
DOCTOR AND MEL  
ON THE SCREEN)

MASTER: I want you to rejoin The  
Doctor.

GLITZ: When did I volunteer to become  
a permanent agent provocateur?

MASTER: Sabalom, you underestimate  
yourself. You're a maestro as a  
double agent. You have a vocation  
for it, my friend.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
MEL HAVE REACHED  
THE FACTORY DOOR)

GLITZ: (PEERING AT SCREEN) If all  
that guff means you want me to go in  
there - not a chance! You don't  
catch me going near no quill pens  
again!

(THE MASTER DANGLES  
HIS PENDANT IN FRONT  
OF GLITZ'S FACE)

I'm staying here till I can -

(THE PENDANT SWINGS)

- get back to my - (cont ...)



- 14/44 -

(GLITZ'S EYES TAKE  
UP THE RHYTHM OF THE  
SWINGING)

GLITZ: (cont) - own kind ... and  
some ... honest thieving.

(HIS VOICE TRAILS  
OFF. TO ALL  
INTENTS, HE HAS  
BEEN HYPNOTIZED)

MASTER: Splendid ... splendid ...  
Listen to me ... Are you listening,  
Sabalom Glitz?

GLITZ: Not really. I was wondering  
how many grotzis that little bauble  
cost you.

(THE MASTER,  
INFURIATED, TUCKS  
THE MEDALLION AWAY)

MASTER: Perhaps this will appeal  
to your crass soul!

(TUGGING A CHEST TO  
MID ROOM, HE THROWS  
OPEN THE LID.

INSIDE, SPARKLING,  
ARE GOLD TRINKETS,  
BEJEWELLED GOBLETS  
ETC)

GLITZ: Truly a heart-warming sight  
for a connoisseur such as myself.  
There isn't a living creature I  
couldn't bribe with that lot!

MASTER: Yours if you follow my orders.



17'31"

- 14/45 -

GLITZ: You're talking the language  
I relate to.

(HIS HANDS HOVER  
ABOVE THE TREASURE)

MASTER: Link up with The Doctor  
and lead him to Valeyard.

(GLITZ, GAZE FIXED  
ON THE TREASURE)

GLITZ: Why me? Why can't you do  
it?

MASTER: He wouldn't trust me.

GLITZ: What makes you think he'd  
trust me?

(HIS FINGERS, AS  
THOUGH DRAWN BY  
A MAGNET, ARE  
BEING LOWERED  
INTO THE CHEST)

MASTER: He's a sentimental fool.  
Always had a soft spot for a petty  
rogue!

(HE SLAMS SHUT THE  
LID - FRACTIONALLY  
MISSING GLITZ'S  
HURRIEDLY WITHDRAWN  
HANDS!)

- 45 -



O.B.5A:

INT. FIRST CLERK'S OFFICE.

(STRIDING IN, THE  
DOCTOR PAUSES TO  
TAKE STOCK.

THE OFFICE IS  
DESERTED ALTHOUGH  
THE CANDLE BURNS.

TRAILING IN,  
MELANIE IS MORE  
CIRCUMSPECT)

MELANIE: I still reckon we'd be  
better off outside the Matrix.

THE DOCTOR: (ABSENTLY) You do?

(HE IS WANDERING  
ABOUT, EXAMINING  
THE ROOM'S CONTENTS)

MELANIE: Seems to me we should try  
to draw Valeyard to where the odds  
would be more even.

THE DOCTOR: And how do we do that?

(HE TIPS THE LID  
OF THE DESK -  
EMPTY)



- 14/47 -

MELANIE: I hate to say this - use  
you as bait.

(THE DOCTOR, GOING  
INTO SECOND OFFICE)

THE DOCTOR: Assuming it's me he's  
after.

O.B.5B:

INT. SECOND CLERK'S OFFICE.

(DESERTED:

MELANIE FOLLOWING  
THE DOCTOR IN)

MELANIE: Oh, come on. Look at the  
elaborate lengths he's gone to already.

(THE DOCTOR CONTINUES  
HIS PRYING)

THE DOCTOR: Yes. They have been  
elaborate. Maybe too elaborate.

MELANIE: There are times in our  
relationship when I feel an interpreter  
wouldn't come amiss.

(SHE CROSSES TO  
THE DOOR MARKED  
'WAITING ROOM')



- 14/48 -

THE DOCTOR: Don't go through th-

(TOO LATE.

A TYRANNOSAURUS REX  
(FROM 'THE MARK OF  
THE RAN') REARS AND  
ROARS BEYOND THE  
DOORWAY!

HASTILY MELANIE  
SLAMS THE DOOR  
SHUT!)

O.B.5C:

INT. FIRST CLERK'S OFFICE.

(GLITZ VENTURES INTO  
THE DESERTED OFFICE.

PASSING THE DESK,  
HE CROSSES TO THE  
DOOR AND LISTENS.

BUT THE DESK HAS  
ITS ATTRACTION  
FOR HIM.

RETRACING HIS STEPS,  
HE LIFTS THE LID.

NO LONGER EMPTY,  
IT CONTAINS A  
LARGE OBLONG  
CASSETTE -

HE PICKS IT UP)

POPPLEWICK: (VOICE) Stick fingers,  
Mister Glitz.



- 14/49 -

(UNSEEN, POPPLEWICK  
HAS ENTERED.

ALTHOUGH STARTLED,  
GLITZ HANGS ON TO  
THE CASSETTE AND  
READS THE LABEL)

GLITZ: (READING) 'Matrix Memory  
Bank'. I thought this was destroyed  
on Ravolox.

POPPLEWICK: That was a duplicate.  
This is the master tape.

GLITZ: (READING) 'Phase Three,  
Four, Five and Six. (OVERAWED)  
All the secrets of the Matrix ....!

POPPLEWICK: Not all. The primitive  
phases one and two have been relegated  
to the archives. Now kindly do as  
you're told and put it back.

GLITZ: (ENRAPTURED) I'd give my  
soul for this.

POPPLEWICK: You would? Would you  
indeed ...

(HE TAKES A FLINTLOCK  
FROM HIS JACKET  
POCKET - COCKS IT)



- 14/50 -

GLITZ: (GULPING) Ah, you want to negotiate, Mr. Popplewick, sir ...

O.B.5D:

INT. SECOND CLERK'S OFFICE.

THE DOCTOR: Look at this, Mel.

(HE IS STUDYING A  
SCROLL WHICH HE  
HAS FOUND IN THE  
DESK)

MELANIE: A list of names.

THE DOCTOR: Of Time Lords attending my trial. Every member of the Ultimate Court of Appeal. The Supreme Guardians of Gallifreyan Law.

MELANIE: Why're they all crossed through?

THE DOCTOR: Notice something else?

(SHE STUDIES THE  
DOCUMENT. SHAKES  
HER HEAD)

The handwriting.

MELANIE: (SUDDEN REALISATION) It's yours ...



(THE DOOR FROM THE  
FIRST OFFICE OPENS  
ABRUPTLY AND  
POPPLEWICK IS  
UNCEREMONIOUSLY  
USHERED IN BY THE  
FLINTLOCK GLITZ  
IS JABBING INTO  
HIS SPINE)

POPPLEWICK: I really must protest  
at this unseemly behaviour. You  
are contravening all established  
procedure.

GLITZ: (TO THE DOCTOR) Due to my  
not inconsiderable powers of  
persuasion -

(AN EMPHATIC JAB  
WITH THE FLINTLOCK)

- this minion's agreed to take us  
to his boss. The mysterious Mr.  
J.J. Chambers.

(STUFFING THE LIST  
INTO HIS POCKET,  
THE DOCTOR TAKES  
HOLD OF THE HANDLE  
OF THE WAITING  
ROOM DOOR)

THE DOCTOR: Will you lead the way,  
Mr. Popplewick?



- 14/52 -

POPPLEWICK: (ALARMED) No, not through there! Er - Mr. Chambers is across the courtyard.

GLITZ: If he isn't, there's going to be one bureaucrat less in the Matrix.

(MELANIE IS AWARE  
THE DOCTOR IS  
STUDYING POPPLEWICK  
CLOSELY AS THEY  
FOLLOW HIM INTO  
THE ADJACENT OFFICE)

O.B.5E:

INT. FIRST CLERK'S OFFICE.

(THE QUARTET  
FILE IN FROM THE  
OTHER OFFICE)

THE DOCTOR: Just a moment, Mr. Popplewick.

(HE PLUCKS THE QUILL  
PEN FROM BEHIND  
POPPLEWICK'S EAR  
AND PLACES IT  
DELICATELY ON THE  
DESK)

You'll not be needing this.

GLITZ: Very astute of you, Doc.  
You should live long.



- 14/53 -

THE DOCTOR: I already have. More than nine hundred years. Carry on.

(ALTHOUGH REPLYING TO GLITZ, HIS ATTENTION IS STILL ON POPPLEWICK.

AFTER THE OTHER TWO HAVE GONE THROUGH TO THE YARD, MELANIE TAPS THE DOCTOR'S SLEEVE)

MELANIE: What's the secret?

THE DOCTOR: (ENIGMATICALLY) Secret, Mel? Secret?

(HE EXITS)

O.B.5F:

EXT. POTBANK YARD. DAY.

(POPPLEWICK, GLITZ, THE DOCTOR AND MELANIE TROOP FROM THE BALCONY AND CROSS THE COURTYARD TO THE KILN.

THE PROGRESS OF THIS EXODUS IS VIEWED P.O.V. AN UNSEEN OBSERVER CONCEALED IN AN APPROPRIATE RECESS.

POPPLEWICK LEADS THEM TO THE KILN ENTRANCE.

FULL SCENE)



20'32"

- 14/54 -

THE DOCTOR: So he's been here all  
along. (TO MELANIE) I've misjudged  
Mr. J.J. Chambers alias The Valeyard.

MELANIE: Not for the first time.  
So stop and think before you go  
barging -

(IGNORING HER, THE  
DOCTOR DUCKS THROUGH  
THE ENTRANCE)

(FOLLOWING) How you've managed to  
survive for nine hundred years beats  
me!

(LEFT ALONE, GLITZ  
LOWERS THE FLINTLOCK  
BUT RETAINS IT)

GLITZ: We had an agreement, remember?  
I've played my part and delivered  
The Doctor.

(POPPLEWICK EXTENDS  
HIS HAND TO TAKE  
THE GUN)

No, the Matrix Memory Tape first.

POPPLEWICK: Oh, very well!

- 54 -



- 14/55 -

(WITH AN IMPATIENT  
GESTURE, HE EXTRACTS  
THE MATRIX CASSETTE  
FROM INSIDE HIS  
JACKET AND GIVES IT  
TO GLITZ IN EXCHANGE  
FOR THE FLINTLOCK)

GLITZ: Present my apologies to  
The Doc. Tell him I haven't sold  
him down the Milky Way cheaply.

POPPLEWICK: I'm sure that will be  
a consolation to him in his final  
moments...

(AS GLITZ TURNS  
AND WALKS ACROSS  
THE COURTYARD,  
POPPLEWICK LEVELS  
THE GUN AND FIRES -

A CLICK -

CLOSE ON GLITZ.  
A SMUG SMILE -  
HE JIGGLES THE  
SHOT IN HIS FREE  
HAND!)

MASTER: (VOICE) Very astute,  
Sabalom Glitz.

(FULL SCENE)

But this is loaded.

(HE HOLDS THE TCE  
ON GLITZ)

- 55 -



- 14/56 -

GLITZ: What's that for? I thought there was complete trust between us. I was on my way to find you.

MASTER: My trust of you is in equal proportion to your trust of me ...

(INDICATING WITH  
THE TCE)

The Tardis is over there.

O.B.5G:

INT. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: Doesn't that fill you with admiration, Mel? Such craftsmanship. Pride in every cog and piston.

(HE IS DARTING ABOUT,  
INSPECTING THE  
GLEAMING MACHINERY)

MELANIE: Doctor, there is another priority. Valeyard, remember?

THE DOCTOR: How could I forget?

(POPPLEWICK ENTERS)



MELANIE: Where's Glitz?

THE DOCTOR: (STILL INSPECTING MACHINE)  
He decided to stay outside on guard,  
perhaps?

POPPLEWICK: Er - yes.

(MELANIE GIVES THE  
DOCTOR AN ACCUSATORY  
LOOK)

I perceive Mr. Chambers is not  
present. I'll find him for you,  
sir.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, you do that, Mr.  
Poppewick.

(POPPLEWICK GOES  
FROM VIEW INTO AN  
ALCOVE AND THE  
DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY  
BEGINS A HURRIED  
SEARCH)

MELANIE: If I knew what you were  
searching for, maybe I could help.

(SUDDENLY THE ENGINE  
CHUNTERS INTO ACTION  
(PROVIDING DIALOGUE  
IS POSSIBLE OVER IT).

MELANIE IS STARTLED  
BUT THE DOCTOR  
CONTINUES TO RUMMAGE  
AT A WORK BENCH.



- 14/58 -

THE DOCTOR DISCOVERS  
A LENGTH OF CABLE  
WHICH HE CONCEALS  
BEHIND HIS BACK ON  
POPPLEWICK'S  
REAPPEARANCE)

POPPLEWICK: I'm most awfully sorry,  
sir. I am unable to locate Mr.  
Chambers.

THE DOCTOR: I rather thought you  
might have trouble - who's that?

(FALLING FOR THE  
RUSE, POPPLEWICK  
AUTOMATICALLY TURNS  
TO LOOK AT THE  
'NEWCOMER' - AND IS  
LEAPT ON BY THE  
DOCTOR WHO CLAMPS  
THE CLERK'S WRISTS  
BEHIND HIS BACK)

Don't just stand there, Mel, help!

(AN UNNECESSARY  
EDICT. SHE HAS  
ALREADY HASTENED  
TO JOIN THE FRAY.

TOGETHER THEY TIE  
POPPLEWICK'S WRISTS  
TO A GUARD RAIL)

POPPLEWICK: Unhand me! Stop! This  
is preposterous! You will regret  
this! (cont ...)



22'15"

- 14/59 -

(CHANGE ANGLE TO  
SHOOT FROM BEHIND  
POPPLEWICK.

THE DOCTOR FACES  
CAMERA AND HIS  
HOSTAGE)

POPPLEWICK: (cont) Mr. Chambers  
will demand an explanation for this  
iniquitous - this wicked behaviour.

THE DOCTOR: Let's ask him, shall  
we?

(HE REACHES OUT  
AND PEELS THE  
LATEX MASK FROM  
POPPLEWICK'S FACE)

MELANIE: What are you ... (VOICE  
FALTERING) ... doing?

(REVERSE ANGLE.

POPPLEWICK - IS  
VALEYARD -

THE DOCTOR YANKS  
OFF THE PAUNCH  
PADDING)

How did you - ?

THE DOCTOR: Know? The performance  
was too studied to be real. We  
Doctors have never been able to resist  
a touch of the Grand Guignol.

- 59 -



- 14/60 -

VALEYARD: You'll soon have ample scope to indulge in melodrama.

THE DOCTOR: Really? Why?

(AN ENIGMATIC SMILE  
IS VALEYARD'S ONLY  
RESPONSE.

PERPLEXED THE DOCTOR  
GOES TO THE ALCOVE  
INTO WHICH 'POPPLEWICK'  
HAD DISAPPEARED.

CLOSER ALCOVE.

AN ELECTRONIC BOX  
IS CLAMPED TO THE  
WALL. MULTICOLOURED  
LIGHTS BLIP AND A  
DIGITAL DISPLAY  
FLICKERS ON THE  
INSTRUMENT PANEL)

MELANIE: A megabyte modum. But  
for what?

(ANOTHER ANGLE)

VALEYARD: (MOCKING) Yes, do tell  
us. Disseminate the news.

THE DOCTOR: Disseminate? A Particle  
Disseminator!

VALEYARD: The Matrix is a fund of  
knowledge. The ultimate weapon.  
Even subatomic particles, gravitons,  
quarks, tau-mesons - all completely  
disseminated.



- 14/61 -

(C.U. VALEYARD'S  
TETHERED WRISTS.  
SURREPTITIOUSLY  
HE IS WORKING  
THEM LOOSE.

FULL SCENE)

MELANIE: Destroy us and you destroy  
yourself.

(THE VALEYARD LAUGHS)

(TO THE DOCTOR) What's the joke?

THE DOCTOR: I'm just beginning to realise.

(TAKING THE LIST OF  
TIME LORD NAMES  
FROM HIS POCKET)

My writing - his writing. A hit list.

MELANIE: But how? These Time Lords,  
Supreme Guardians of the Law as you  
called them, are all in the Trial Room.  
And we're in the Matrix.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT  
THE DISSEMINATOR.  
REALISATION DAWNS)

THE DOCTOR: The Matrix screen! Mel,  
get to the Trial Room! Tell them to  
disconnect the Matrix screen and  
evacuate the Court!



- 14/62 -

MELANIE: But -

THE DOCTOR: (SHOUTING) Do it! Or  
there'll be mass murder!

(VALEYARD'S LAUGH  
ECHOES AS SHE  
SPRINTS FOR THE  
DOOR)

END O.B.5.



- 14/63 -

8. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(TIGHT ON THE  
INQUISITOR AS THE  
KEEPER HURRIES TO  
HER)

KEEPER: My Lady, an urgent message.  
The High Council has been deposed!  
Insurrectionists are running amok in  
Gallifrey!

MASTER: (VOICE) Thank you, Keeper.  
That is the news I have been awaiting.

(EASE BACK. THE  
MASTER'S GLOATING  
VISAGE FILLS THE  
SCREEN)

Listen carefully.

(ADDRESSING THE  
WHOLE ASSEMBLY)

I have an edict to deliver. Somewhere,  
the Valeyard and The Doctor are  
engaged in their squalid duel. With  
luck they will kill each other ...  
But that is a mere coincidental  
occurrence. What I have to impart is  
of vital importance. To all of you.  
(cont ...)

(AS HE SPEAKS, PAN  
THE STUNNED FACES  
OF THE INQUISITOR,  
KEEPER AND TIME  
LORDS)



- 14/64 -

MASTER: (cont) Now that Gallifrey is collapsing into chaos, none of you will be needed. Your office will be abolished. Only I can impose order. I have control of the Matrix!

(HE HOLDS UP THE  
CASSETTE)

To disregard my commands will be  
to invite summary execution!

(AS HE TURNS AWAY,  
CENTRE ON THE  
SCREEN)



9. INT. MASTER'S TARDIS.

GLITZ: Now you've purged that from your system, can we get on? Load the cassette.

(IN GOOD HUMOUR,  
THE MASTER INSERTS  
THE CASSETTE INTO  
THE COMPUTER)

MASTER: You really are the archetypal Philistine. Moments such as this should be savoured.

(SWITCHING ON,  
THE MASTER INSTANTLY  
APPEARS TO BE STRUCK  
WITH VIOLENT PALSY.

IN DESPAIRING  
TERROR, HE SHIES  
FROM THE CASSETTE,  
BUT ALREADY HIS  
MOVEMENTS ARE  
SLOWING)

GLITZ: What's - what's happ-ening?

(NOT ONLY ARE  
THEIR MOVEMENTS IN  
SLOW MOTION, BUT  
THEIR VOICES SOUND  
HOLLOW, AS IF FROM  
A FAILING RECORD  
PLAYER)

MASTER: A l-i-m-b-o at-r-o-ph-i-er.



25'17"

- 14/66 -

GLITZ: A li-m-b-o a-tr-oph-ier?

(COLOUR IS DRAINING  
UNTIL MASTER AND  
GLITZ BOTH OF THEM  
ARE SUSPENDED,  
MOTIONLESS, IN THE  
DISMAL GREYNESS OF  
LIMBO)



25 125"

O.B. 6:

INT. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

(A SPLUTTER OF  
SPARKS CAUSES THE  
DOCTOR TO JERK  
AWAY FROM THE  
PARTICLE DISSEMINATOR.

HE HAS REMOVED THE  
CASING AND IS  
TINKERING WITH  
A COMPLEX OF  
MICRO-CHIPS AND  
WIRES.

HE FROWNS. SHAKES  
HIS SCORCHED  
FINGERS)

VALEYARD: You are elevating futility  
to a high art. There is nothing you  
can do to prevent the catharsis of  
spurious morality.

THE DOCTOR: If you could compile  
this monstrosity - it follows that  
I should be able to unravel it.

(ANOTHER SHOWER  
OF SPARKS SINGES  
HIS FINGERS)

END O.B.6.



10. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(MELANIE RUNS IN)

MELANIE: Disconnect the Matrix!

INQUISITOR: Your lack of decorum, young woman, is really beyond ...

MELANIE: Forget the high-flown etiquette! Disconnect the Matrix and get out of this place!

INQUISITOR: We cannot switch off without the Keeper. And he is not present.

MELANIE: Then get out! Quickly! Your lives depend on it!

(BEFORE THE GENERAL  
INDECISION CAN BE  
RESOLVED, THE  
FROZEN IMAGES OF  
THE MASTER AND  
GLITZ ON THE SCREEN,  
BEGIN TO BREAK DOWN.

FLOWING TENTACLES  
OF IONS SWIRL INTO  
THE COURTROOM.

A SIMILAR EFFECT  
BEGINS TO AFFECT  
THE PANICKING  
OCCUPANTS



O.B.7:

INT. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

(CLOSE ON  
VALEYARD'S WRISTS.

HE IS SUCCEEDING  
IN LOOSENING THE  
CABLE.

BEYOND HIM, DEEP  
IN CONCENTRATION,  
THE DOCTOR IS  
TAMPERING WITH  
THE PARTICLE  
DISSEMINATOR)

END O.B.7.



11. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(A BUILD UP OF  
IONS IS CAUSING A  
MULTI-LAYERED  
GHOSTING OF THE  
IMAGES. PLAINTIVE  
CRIES ADD TO THE  
MALAISE OF  
DESOLATION.

MEL IS ATTEMPTING  
TO REACH THE DOOR,  
BUT HER LIMBS LACK  
CO-ORDINATION.

ALREADY SEVERAL  
TIME LORDS ARE  
SLUMPED OVER AND  
INERT)



- 14/71 -

O.B.8A:

INT. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: Eureka!

(HE STEPS INTO  
THE ROOM WITH AN  
AIR OF TRIUMPH)

So it couldn't be immobilised! I've  
reversed the main lead on the  
coaxial. Which should cause the  
system to cross-circuit and blow  
itself apart.

VALEYARD: You blundering imbecile!

(HE STRAINS AT HIS  
BONDS)

All you've done is ensure a massive  
feed-back into here!

(HE WRENCHES FREE,  
KNOCKS THE DOCTOR  
ASIDE AND SCRAMBLES  
FOR THE PARTICLE  
DISSEMINATOR.

THE DOCTOR HAS  
FINISHED UP BY THE  
EXIT)

No! It's too late!

- 71 -



- 14/72 -

(THE DOCTOR RISES,  
BUT BEFORE HE CAN  
ESCAPE, THE  
IONISATION COMMENCES.

ALTHOUGH AFFLICTED  
BY THE PROCESS,  
THE DOCTOR MANAGES  
TO GET THROUGH THE  
EXIT.

NOT SO VALEYARD.  
HE STUMBLES TO HIS  
KNEES, BEGINS  
CRAWLING TOWARDS  
THE FAR DOOR)

O.B.8B:

EXT. KILN. DAY.

(WELL AWAY FROM  
THE KILN, THE  
DOCTOR PAUSES.

ABOVE THE KILN'S  
CHIMNEY, SMALL  
WISPS OF IONS ARE  
BEING EJECTED)

O.B.8C:

INT. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

(SILHOUETTED BY  
MULTI-LAYERED  
GHOSTS, VALEYARD  
IS ALMOST SPENT.

HIS TWITCHING  
FINGERS ARE ON  
THE DOOR)



27160"

O.B.8D:

EXT. KILN. DAY.

(THERE IS NO  
TRIUMPH FOR  
THE DOCTOR AS HE  
TURNS AND HURRIES  
INTO THE ARCHWAY.

CAMERA CENTRES  
ON THE CHIMNEY  
AND THE DISSEMINATING  
PARTICLES BEING  
EMITTED)

END O.B.8.



12. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(CLOSE AND PANNING  
THE RANKS OF THE  
SLUMPED TIME LORDS.

ALL IS STILL. ON  
THE FRONT TIER.  
AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE  
MOVEMENT.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO  
MELANIE WHO, STIRRING,  
RISES AND TOTTERS  
TO THE INQUISITOR.

SHE IS GAZING AT  
THE IMPOLODED SCREEN)

MELANIE: It's only a piece of  
hardware. At least none of us were  
permanently damaged.

INQUISITOR: And we have you to  
thank for that ... Melanie.

MELANIE: Not me. The Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR ENTERS)

THE DOCTOR: Now let's see, where  
were we? I was about to be sentenced,  
I believe.

(EVEN THE  
INQUISITOR SMILES)

INQUISITOR: All charges are dismissed,  
Doctor. We owe you an immense debt  
of gratitude. (cont ...



27'48"

- 14/75 -

(SHE OFFERS  
HER HAND. THEY  
SHAKE HANDS)

INQUISITOR: Once law and order has been restored, a new High Council will need to be elected. Can I persuade you to stand for Lord President again?

THE DOCTOR: I've a better idea.

MELANIE: (IMPISHLY) He's going to suggest you stand.

THE DOCTOR: Indeed I am. And if there were such a thing as a galactic postal vote, you'd have mine!

MELANIE: (TO INQUISITOR) I shouldn't broadcast that if I were you!

(LAUGHING, THE DOCTOR  
USHERS MELANIE  
TOWARDS THE EXIT.  
PAUSES)

THE DOCTOR: There is a small favour I'd ask.

INQUISITOR: Simply name it, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: When you restore the Matrix, I don't care what you do with the Master ... but exercise leniency with Sabalom Glitz. He's not beyond redemption.

MELANIE: Just don't let him near the crown jewels!

THE DOCTOR: (EXITING) Gallifrey doesn't have ...

- 75 -



13. INT. TRIAL ROOM. CORRIDOR.

THE DOCTOR: (CARRIED OVER) -  
crown jewels.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
MELANIE APPROACH  
THE TARDIS)

MELANIE: Right. A bracing glass  
of carrot juice -

THE DOCTOR: (VOICELESS, MOUTHING)  
Carrot juice!

MELANIE: (CONTINUING) - then we'll  
get you back on the exerciser.

THE DOCTOR: (HESITATING) Perhaps  
I've been rash in refusing to stand  
for Lord President.

(UNPERTURBED,  
MELANIE BUNDLES  
HIM INTO THE  
TARDIS.

IT DEMATERIALISES)



28'35"

- 14/77 -

14. INT. TRIAL ROOM.

(THE KEEPER, BACK  
TO CAMERA, STANDS  
FACING THE IMPOLODED  
MATRIX SCREEN)

INQUISITOR: Repair the Matrix,  
Keeper. Requisition whatever you  
need.

(SHE JOINS THE  
TIME LORDS FILING  
FROM THE ROOM.

CAMERA TRACKS TO  
THE MATRIX SCREEN  
AS THOUGH TO  
EMPHASIZE THE  
DAMAGE.

THE KEEPER'S PROFILE  
COMES INTO VIEW.  
IT IS VALEYARD!)

SUPOSE CAM

Closing  
Titles:

FADE OUT

28'50"  
03'17"  
32'07"  
+ credits  
+ reprise  
32'07"  
01'12"  
33'19"  
00'30" reprise  
33'49" opening  
00'38"  
34'24"

- 77 -